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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

PEACE THIS CHRISTMAS

DIFFERENCES in sophistication come nowhere near accounting for the contrast between the reception accorded to President Eisenhower in Italy and the fervent acclaim that greeted him as he traveled East. His previous visits to Europe had evoked no such popular enthusiasm. The warm mass tribute was the same in Asia and the Middle East regardless of the various peoples' religious persuasion, stage of industrialization or common-defense status. All came to pay tribute to a world leader known to be dedicated to the cause of peace.

In Turkey the vast crowds reflected a national degree of militancy that is welcome in an American ally. The remarkable showing of the Turkish units in the U.N. forces in the Korean War is still gratefully remembered, while the fact that Turks who were taken prisoner withstood Chinese brainwashing to a man has created a lasting impression. It is good to be reminded that the Turks are such stanch allies. As the President proceeded on his most strenuous journey, the demonstrations continued massive and enthusiastic—both in Pakistan, an ally, and in Afghanistan, which is subject to heavy Soviet economic and political pressure. In neutralist India the size and ardor of the demonstrations reached their peak.

It is not that the peoples of Western Europe are cool to Mr. Eisenhower or the United States, which they know had much to do with their present resurgence of prosperity. For the most part they continue to be firm allies. Relieved of deep national anxieties, they tend to relax in the sunshine of Mr. Khrushchev's present affability and the better turn in their own business affairs. Temperamentally they are less demonstrative anyway. But by any standard Mr. Eisenhower's popular reception in the East was simply overwhelming.

The President's was a mission of peace and, as such, had to concern itself with the prerequisites of peace. It sought to strengthen and coordinate the defenses of the free world against a system openly vowed to subjugate all peoples. It had to do everything possible to assure not only territorial integrity but also for many families and individuals the very necessities of life. For underdeveloped countries this means securing the foreign capital and technical know-how required to establish a sound industrial base. Dedication to peace involves both international good will and intense concern for all these related matters, difficult as they unquestionably are.

THE HUNDREDS of thousands who came out to cheer President Eisenhower looked upon him as a deliverer—the head of a powerful and wealthy nation that would rally to their defense if called upon and provide their sustenance when need be. Whatever their personal lot, many of those who so spontaneously acclaimed Mr. Eisenhower were aware that American aid to their country had been substantial. And here was the President of the United States, whose sincerity and zeal for peace and human freedom were obvious, buoyed up on his most physically exacting mission by their very enthusiasm for him.

Many observers ascribe the peak enthusiasm of the Indian multitudes to recent Chinese aggression, which had indeed led recently to large popular outbursts against the conciliatory Mr. Nehru. But much of India's fervor for peace has a religious motivation of which the revered Mahatma Gandhi supplied the most prominent manifestation. Moreover, the Gandhian policy of non-violence (which does not mean rejecting all use of force) succeeded in effecting Indian independence. The religious at-

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mosphere that pervades India in private and public life itself involves a wholehearted dedication to peace.

It could hardly be more fitting on the threshold of the Christmas Season, during which Christians the world over celebrate the Nativity of the Savior in Bethlehem and consider the prospect of His Second Coming to judge the world, that the thoughts of so many peoples should be turned toward peace and the means of attaining it. The popular reception of the Eisenhower mission to the Orient should arouse new hopes. It is particularly happy that this quest for peace should reach its climax in Gandhi's India, which has shown itself so susceptible to Christian religious values.

And so, this Christmas, we turn from the bewildering dimensions of world peace with justice to the message of the Angels and the gift of interior peace. According to the sermon of Pope St. Leo quoted in Christmas Matins: "Today was Our Savior born: let us rejoice. . . . No one is shut out from sharing in this gladness; all have one common cause of joy. For as Our Lord, the destroyer of sin and death, finds no one free from guilt, so is He come to set all free. Let the saint exult, for he draws nigh to the palm; let the sinner rejoice, for he is invited to forgiveness; let the Gentile take heart, for he is called unto life. . . ."

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN ATLANTA

AS THE MAYOR of Atlanta recently emphasized, the city itself is in an impossible situation. If the city responds to the pressure of the federal rulings, the doors to the presently segregated public schools will soon be opened to at least a few Negro students. But the school laws of Georgia demand that state funds be cut off for schools with even token desegregation and, further, the laws prohibit the county or municipality from raising taxes for school support.

Weighing the advantages of one course against the other, the goods against the evils, many leaders who addressed themselves to the problem have expressed open fears about the fate of public schooling in Georgia. Bishop Francis E. Hyland of Atlanta, for example, said that he first hesitated to comment because most Catholic children in Atlanta go to parochial schools. Yet the issue is soon to reach its climax. The time to speak, the Bishop said, is now. The Bishop pointed out that Catholics of the diocese, as citizens and taxpayers, "desire ardently" the preservation of public education. "We hope and pray that our state will take her stand before the rest of the nation and the world on the side of law and with a keen Christian sense of justice to all her citizens without exception."

These are sentiments with which everyone will not agree, Georgia's Governor George Vandiver, for one. Part of his successful campaign was a pledge that not one Negro would attend school with a white child while he held office. The seeming impasse which now exists is strengthened by his position. But the impasse must finally be broken through, the opposition overcome, the path for integration made clear. It will be best for public education, for Georgia and for the country if this is done in the spirit of Bishop Hyland's statement.

DRUGS ON THE MARKET

AN EDITORIAL in these pages last week commented on the inquiry into the prescription drug industry being conducted by Senator Estes Kefauver's Anti-trust and Monopoly subcommittee, with particular reference to the prices being charged to the individual consumer. Since that editorial was written, the Senate group has developed other striking information, this time on profit levels in the multi-million dollar industry.

Although there are three or four hundred companies in what is termed the ethical pharmaceutical industry—as opposed to "proprietary" companies engaged in manufacturing patent medicines for sale without prescription—two-thirds of all prescription drugs sold are made by approximately a dozen and one-half companies. In the case of particular remedies concentration is sometimes even more obvious, with only three or four large companies covering the entire field. Here the subcommittee cited considerable evidence to show that prices quoted by the various companies often show a startling non-competitive uniformity year after year.

Of particular interest here, however, is the question of profit levels in the industry. The Schering Corp., for example, is a once-German firm bought from the Alien Property Office for $29 million dollars in 1952. By the end of 1957 the firm's profits had already surpassed its total purchase price by three million dollars. In 1955 alone, Schering profits stood at 47 per cent of net worth —after taxes.

This case is not, of course, completely typical. But it is not so untypical for its citation to be

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unfair. Taken as a whole, the drug industry in 1957 showed a rate of profit of almost 22 per cent on net worth and almost 20 per cent on sales, in both cases after taxes. In contrast, the average for manufacturing industries in general was 11 per cent on net worth, almost exactly half that in the drug industry, and the average profits on sales was only slightly over 7 per cent, little more than one-third the profit rate in the drug industry.

The pharmaceutical manufacturers do, certainly, have problems peculiar to their own industry. As they keep pointing out, research expenditures are far higher than in almost any other industry, and severe fluctuations in profits from one year to the next are very possible. As far as research is concerned, however, the earning-figures cited above refer to profits after these costs were paid. And as far as the possibilities of severe fluctuations are concerned, the burden of proof would seem to rest on the companies involved, for the fact is that drug profits have averaged more than 12 per cent of sales over the last ten years as compared with 4 per cent for manufacturing in general.

In view of these facts, it seems reasonable enough to suggest that more efforts in the direction of competitive drug prices would be in order, even at the cost of somewhat reduced profits. It is toward this position that the hearings of the Anti-trust and Monopoly subcommittee seem to be heading, and the evidence so far certainly justifies this conclusion.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

POPE JOHN XXIII's recent statement calling for "due limitation" on the freedom of the press has provoked considerable discussion. Citing the importance of journalism in the world today, the Pope described the organs of the press as "not only the means by which public opinion expresses itself but also instruments of guidance, of formation, and therefore sometimes also of deformation, of public opinion."

Some publications, suggested the Holy Father, are motivated not by "love of knowledge, culture or truth . . . but the unhealthy fire of certain passions"; these journals he saw as "consciously exciting evil tendencies, in helping to befog, indeed to oppress and degrade, human dignity."

The words of the Pope remind every journalist of the high responsibilities of his calling, and his strictures against journals which "undermine the religious and moral foundations of the life of the people" underscore the fact that these responsibilities are all too widely betrayed. Everyone must agree that the press does indeed exercise a powerful influence in the culture it serves and that in democratic states the freedom of the press is often cynically abused. When these observations are translated into practical political programs, however, differences of judgment are sure to appear.

The day after the Pope made his speech, for instance, Italy's Premier Antonio Segni agreed that the abuse of freedom of the press is a constant worry but disagreed with the Pontiff on the proper way to combat it. The Pope had said that the question of limitations on the freedom to print "should not be left to improvisation or to transient self-controls." Mr. Segni, who was present at the Pope's address and who is himself president of the National Association of Catholic Lawyers to whom the Pope spoke, declared in a speech the very next day that he was opposed to new controls over writers and publishers.

That Mr. Segni should differ with the judgment of the Pope in this matter is neither remarkable nor surprising, although it might seem so to those bemused by the "monolithic" caricature of the Church. The choice of practical steps to bring about the commonly desired good-ordering of society, assuming nothing inherently immoral in any of the choices, is obviously not determined in the deposit of faith. Christian principles must inform political as all other human activities, but the application of these principles to the complexities and contingencies of the political order involves, again obviously, prudential decisions. Firmly within the framework of Catholic belief, and at one with the Pope in his concern for the common good, Mr. Segni is led by political prudence to decide differently on the advisability of this practical solution to the matter.

On the basis of whatever competence we have in this area, we would agree with Premier Segni's judgment both that a free press must reform itself and that government controls are not the answer to the problem. We too believe that freedom of the press is a crucially important question in any society, and we agree that a free press often takes advantage of its freedom for unworthy purposes. But the recourse to government controls to prevent such abuses involves, we think, too many difficulties and too many risks to be a politically prudent step. The correction of the one evil, in this case, might well lend itself to the creation of a far worse evil—the loss of that free press which is essential to the life and health of a democracy. A

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free press, as many peoples have learned to their sorrow, is hard won and easily lost.

A COMMUNIST PARTY

FROM ALL reports the seventeenth national convention of the Communist Party of the United States was a dull, dreary, drab affair. The fortunes of the Party in this country have, of course, been declining for some years. Nikita Khrushchev's exposure of Stalin's crimes and the crushing of the Hungarian revolt took a large toll even of those who had for years loyally followed every zig in the Communist line. So uncertain and divided were the members of the Party at that time that, deviating from usual practices, the differences were aired in the *Worker*. The fresh air of open debate proved too heady for many of the Communists; they departed in large numbers.

Now that it is thinned down to the "hard core," what does the Party represent? It represents primarily the tired remnants of a Party that fed not only on a world view provided by Communist ideology, but upon admirable though misdirected idealism and those historical circumstances which brought the immediate goals of Communist Russia and the Western world into temporary alignment. All they have to draw on now is the Communist ideology, and that is proving to be too little capital to draw much interest.

The Communist Party of the United States has always been less influential in national affairs, less original in its approaches, less attractive to the young—in sum, less interesting—than its counterparts in other countries. The present uncertainties in international negotiations and the visit of Mr. Khrushchev may lend a semblance of life to the Party as far as its numbers are concerned. But these are not sufficient to make the Party more than a surviving memory as far as other people are concerned. The most interesting aspect of the Party's decline in America is not, in fact, the Party itself but what it may tell us about the dynamism of Communism—or the lack of it—in other countries. It is too early to be highly optimistic, but it is also too early to say "It can't happen there."

THE BISHOPS ON IMMIGRATION

PUBLIC DISCUSSION and debate over immigration quotas to the United States is almost nil, despite the fact that almost everyone who concerns himself with the question agrees that our quotas are far too low. At election time both political parties officially favor doing something about an inequitable situation, but between elections there is a comfortable bipartisan agreement to ignore the problem. And aside from those who have relatives they would like to bring to the United States, rank-and-file citizens seem to have little interest in bringing pressure to bear on Washington. Thus the subject of reforming our immigration laws has been buried not by opposition and debate but by surface agreement and silence.

All this, then, made more welcome the recent statement on immigration issued by the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which is composed of the six U.S. cardinals, five archbishops and five bishops. Speaking in connection with the observance of World Refugee Year, the Catholic prelates pointed out that the United States, "which is so lavishly blessed with God's bounty," has a special obligation to take in refugees and other immigrants. And "to stimulate Christian thinking" about our responsibilities, the Bishops then proceeded to question whether the total of immigrants admitted to the U.S. is high enough, considering the nation's economic strength; whether we are doing enough for displaced persons (Congress failed to act this year on a refugee bill); whether our rules are not too strict on "hardship" cases (denying admittance to the unskilled, ill, etc.); whether we are sensitive enough to "problems of compassion" (reuniting families, accepting orphans, etc.); whether discrimination against Orientals and the entire national-origins clause is not patently unjust.

Some Americans, the Bishops noted, feel they are already heavily burdened because of programs to aid peoples of other countries. But, they asked, "How many of us, even with heavy taxes and extensive programs of aid, are deprived of luxuries? There are few employed Americans whose lot is not incomparably better than that of the overwhelming majority of the workers in the rest of the world. When we realize that a great portion of the world's population goes to bed hungry each night . . . we know that our sacrifices are relatively minor."

The Bishops' questions, we think, could well lead to an overdue national examination of conscience on the whole question of immigration. It would be hard to find a better time for the self-scrutiny to begin than at Christmas, when we read again of Bethlehem where there was also no room at the inn.

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Efforts Toward Reunion

Orthodox and Catholics

We must leave no stone unturned to effect a peaceful reconciliation between Rome and the Eastern Churches

by PAUL MAILLEUX

SPEAKING to a group of Armenians last February 1, Pope John XXIII reminded them that the best assurance of a reconciliation between Orthodox and Catholics was their common devotion to the Virgin Mary. For superficial men these words may have appeared as mere sentimentality. In fact, they express an entire theology: the Marian teachings common to Orthodox and Catholics alike are in effect a synthesis and a symbol of the teachings they hold in common about the Church.

God desired the *fiat* and the cooperation of Mary in the Redemption, just as He intends that we be saved through the cooperation of a Church with a visible hierarchy, making use of outward signs to transmit grace—the sacraments and the liturgy. When Orthodox and Protestants speak of "churches" they can use this term only in a very equivocal sense: their conception of a church is essentially different. On the other hand, Orthodox and Catholics share the same faith in a visible church. Their disagreement has to do above all with the supreme government of this Church.

How did their disagreement and separation really come about? What has taken place through the centuries? In the ancient Roman Empire, cradle of Christendom, Christians were at first a scattered and persecuted minority. At the beginning of the fourth century, after the conversion of Constantine, they not only acquired citizenship in the empire but also found themselves in the thick of Roman life. Constantine had indeed promised to protect Christianity from "the outside" and in no way to interfere in the government of the Church. However, the heresies which threatened the unity of the Empire led him very soon to go back on this promise. He took it upon himself to convoke the First Ecumenical Council.

Some years later this same emperor was to found a new capital at Byzantium, thus unintentionally preparing the way for the division of the empire. This division was to have incalculable consequences for the Church in later years. The Bishop of Rome, in the awareness of his divine mission, affirmed and defined ever more precisely over the course of the next fifteen centuries the supreme and universal nature of the teaching and pastoral authority with which he had been entrusted. He appealed to this authority in his defense of the independence of the Church against the various attempts at enslavement which she had to face.

At Byzantium, on the other hand, where the traditions of the Roman Empire survived much longer, Church-State relations assumed a different form. The Church remained an Imperial Church, viewed as part of an ideal whole, wherein the sovereign as the counterpart of the Heavenly Sovereign took upon himself the responsibility to make thorough provision for both the temporal and spiritual good of his subjects. As the years passed, the Church in the East, protected by the state, did not feel to the same extent as in the West the need to stress a supranational authority to guarantee her freedom. The Byzantine concept of Church-State relations was to be carried also to those nations which received their Christianity from Byzantium—to Russia in particular.

THESE TWO opposing concepts produce in essence the discord between the Eastern Churches and Rome. The disputes about the *Filioque* or the excommunication of Michael Cerularius are but symptoms of a much more profound disagreement which becomes clear if we bear in mind the general historical development. This point cannot be overemphasized if we wish to try again to reach mutual understanding.

Is the split between East and West final? There is no denying that a good number of Orthodox reply categorically in the affirmative. "Our union with the Roman Church," they say in substance, "would not be possible unless she would at least agree to restudy

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with us the points of dogma which she has defined since the separation, especially the prerogatives attributed to the Bishop of Rome. But she would never agree to this."

The Church of Rome, however, has never shared this pessimism. Witness the Councils of Lyons and Florence, and the tact with which the Tridentine fathers edited the canons on marriage lest the Greeks be further estranged. Were not the Patriarchs of the East invited to the Council of the Vatican in the manifest hope of a reconciliation? And later, no one was more explicit on this point than Leo XIII.

Alluding to the words of discouragement he heard around him, the Pope, in an allocution of March 2, 1895, exclaimed: "Our eyes perhaps will not see the realization of that union of the Churches for which we strive. But let us beware of the rash judgment that to continue to strive for this union is vainly utopian—this is an attitude unworthy of a believer."

Pope John XXIII is no less categorical than Leo XIII. The Catholic Church cannot, of course, accept the present division. Yet one shudders to think of the effect of a large-scale effort to re-establish unity by means of individual conversions. Imagine, for example, that Russia were to become free tomorrow and that Catholics and Orthodox were to engage in fratricidal rivalries like those which occurred in the past in some regions. Such strife among Christians would give grave scandal to those millions of believers who for more than forty years have resisted the most terrible persecution to remain faithful to Christ. Surely rather than allow this to happen we must leave no stone unturned to effect a peaceful reconciliation through an understanding of the hierarchies.

THERE ARE, to be sure, serious dogmatic differences between Orthodox and Catholics, but the road to understanding is not blocked. Modern Orthodox theologians do not agree among themselves in defining the authentic *magisterium* of the Church. For most of them it is the ecumenical councils. But others maintain that the Church needs no official voice, not even the ecumenical council, as the faith of the Church is always to be found in what they call the *sobornost* ("conciliarity") i.e., in what the entire body, clergy and faithful taken together, professes in a moral unanimity. If it is the ecumenical council, then the Orthodox have never held one which condemned the Catholic views. If it is the entire Christian family guided by the Spirit and expressing itself as a body then by what right are the children of the Roman Church not taken into account?

Furthermore, as the Assumptionist Father Jugie likes particularly to emphasize in his works, ". . . apart from the personal infallibility of the Pope, there is not a single controversy between Greeks and Latins since the separation on which a fair number of dissident theologians have not declared for the Catholic thesis or might not logically do so in the future." If, then, the opposition between East and West had to do exclusively with points of dogma such as the Procession of the Holy Spirit, the Immaculate Conception and the Epiclesis, one might reasonably hope for the predominance among Orthodox theologians of ideas ultimately reconcilable with Catholic teachings.

Besides, how often, in the peaceful encounters which have upon occasion been organized, have not theologians of both confessions discovered that they were saying basically the same thing in different words. It has been so many centuries since they have talked things over! Alas, when we come to the most burning question, the one at the very root of the schism, the ever-recurring matter of the supreme government of the Church, Orthodox theologians are unanimous in their opposition to the Roman position. Some of them may believe that their Church can never change her view of this matter without thereby denying herself. This, then, would be the impasse.

HAPPILY, we Catholics are convinced that even in this matter the Orthodox are not called upon to deny their doctrine but rather to arrive at a deeper understanding of what they now believe. Do they not maintain that their belief is drawn from the same sources as ours: the tradition of the Church expressed in Scripture, the Fathers and the liturgy?

In the liturgical hymns of the Orthodox Church, for example, Pope St. Leo is called "the heir to the throne of Peter, enriched with his leadership," "the head of the True Believing Church of Christ," "The Dean of the Supreme Council." Further, in the official prayer of the Orthodox Church St. Peter is invoked constantly as "the chief of the Apostles, pre-eminent in the Church, the foundation of the faith." Would the acceptance of the Roman position really be a renunciation of such a tradition? Is not the official prayer of the Church, for them as for us, an authentic expression of the faith?

Suppose a father died leaving his two sons a testament in which he had set forth his wishes. The two sons had loved their father deeply and wished in all sincerity to comply with his desires. But they lived in different lands and under different conditions. There were clashes between them which indicated a different mentality and they were at odds over one or another point of the testament. Time and distance helped to aggravate the discord. What advice would any sensible person give to these two brothers? Naturally, that they meet and sit down together to restudy their father's testament in a spirit of peace and love.

"Sit down together." Is this not the first act that the Holy Father would like to see Orthodox and

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Catholics accomplish again today? We are convinced that the entire body of Catholic doctrine, including the primacy of Peter and his successors, is contained in the Scriptures and the Tradition which our Eastern brethren cherish as we do. We do not doubt that with God's help not only individual souls but also pastors might come to discover in this sacred repository that which we ourselves through centuries of struggle to ensure the liberty of the Church have been led to find.

They should normally make this discovery to the degree that we are able to assist them through a loyal, intelligent and patient charity. Therefore, the most logical and sure way to arrive at the desired union is primarily to help our brethren of the East, and especially their pastors, better to understand the Catholic Church as she really is.

THIS EFFORT presupposes that we have gone beyond the stage of belligerent apologetics, calculated to overwhelm the adversary by dint of quotations from the Scriptures or from the Councils. No one willingly submits to attack, but very few can resist an overture of love. Now God's works are never arbitrary; they are always an expression of love and Catholics believe that Christ, as a gesture of love, willed to perfect the social structure of his Mystical Body by giving a supreme pastoral authority to His Vicar on earth; for them to deny that authority would be to reject this act of Christ's love. They see the same loving design in the Pope's infallibility. To deny that the solemn definitions of the Pope *ex cathedra* are infallible by themselves *(ex sese)* and to require for them the approval of the Church *(ex consensu Ecclesiae)* would be, all things considered, to claim that Christ made the Church infallible for the sake of the Pope rather than the Pope for the sake of the Church. Moreover, Orthodox are often opposed to the Papal infallibility because they misunderstand the common Catholic teaching. It is generally believed that the future Council will give them on that point the clarifications which the Vatican Council, interrupted by the War of 1870, had no time to formulate.

Orthodox are surely not opposed on principle to hierarchical authority. Have their bishops no authority in their dioceses? For many of them desirous of reuniting with the West, the apprehension of Rome is scarcely more than a fear that by this union they will lose their own religious personality, their spiritual liberty. Therefore, reunion will require for many Latin Catholics a deeper understanding of what is essential and what is accidental in their religious life.

In particular, these Catholics will have to realize once and for all that there is an Eastern tradition in the Church and that the Latin one which is dominant today in the Catholic world is not the only one. As the Popes have often reminded us, especially during the last century, the worst enemies of Catholic unity are those who, lacking imagination, would unify by standardizing. The two traditions, Eastern and Western, are remarkably complementary. Their diversity is another sign of Christ's love for His Church.

"SIT DOWN together in a spirit of peace and love." We should not deceive ourselves; this will not be an easy matter. In the first place, the most populous Orthodox communities, the Churches of Russia, Georgia, Romania, Bulgaria and Albania are behind the Iron Curtain. The same is true of the majority of Gregorian Armenians. Is it to be hoped that those same Communists who strive to separate our Ukrainian or Chinese Catholics from Rome would permit the Orthodox to come to an understanding with Rome? Furthermore, the Orthodox in the rest of the world do not constitute a closely united group. The Orthodox yearbook published in the United States lists twenty groups of Eastern Christians not united to Rome in America, some of which are in opposition to one another.

After the first world war Russian Orthodox refugees arrived by thousands in the countries of Western Europe and in America. They were often without funds and the priests who accompanied them would have been incapable of organizing by themselves the churches, schools and seminaries which the faithful needed. They were aided almost exclusively by Protestants, especially the Anglicans, who were very generous without attempting to compromise the freedom of those whom they aided. When an Orthodox priest made the rounds of his scattered flock, he generally held services in Protestant churches. The Orthodox seminaries of Paris and New York, Orthodox youth organizations, and many homes for the aged and infirm would not have been able to subsist without this aid.

To be sure, numerous Catholic charities were also organized for the benefit of the refugees. However, in their zeal to avoid anything smacking of religious indifferentism, the Catholics held themselves aloof from the Orthodox groups. We thereby gave these Christians in distress the impression that we were like the one who called out to his drowning brother, with whom he had quarreled, "I'll save you but you must first admit that I am right."

We must bear in mind that in these circles one does not find a lively sympathy for the Catholic Church. In certain places in the Old and New Worlds, disputes between Catholics and Orthodox have been shamefully bitter for reasons which more often than not had nothing to do with theology. Feelings still run high and the plans of the Holy Father are not likely to be accomplished easily.

It is nonetheless true that the great political upheavals of recent times have on the whole favored the

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rapprochement of the two communities. With perhaps the exception of Greece there is not a country in the world where the Orthodox Church is still protected by the State as it was in Byzantium or in Russia. She now finds on every hand that indifference or even hostility which the Catholic Church has known for so long and which explains so many of her characteristics. The elite of the two confessions know that union is necessary for the establishment of the Kingdom of God.

Actually it sometimes takes very little to move men's hearts. When thousands of Russian Orthodox took refuge in Paris after the Communist Revolution and organized some thirty parishes, their relations with Catholics were at first very strained. Less than cordial words were exchanged in the press and in public meetings. Then came the war, and suffering in common. Bishop Beaussart, upon his appointment as auxiliary for the foreign residents of Paris, made a courtesy call on the two Russian Orthodox Bishops of that city. The latter returned his visit and subsequently relations between the groups became much more friendly. Theologians of the two confessions met for private discussions. Young Greek Orthodox priests who before the war would have gone to study in German Protestant universities, came to live and study with Catholic seminarians in Paris. Orthodox young people joined Catholic students in their annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Chartres.

Last year, for the first time in history, an imposing group of Russian Orthodox led by one of their priests went on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Quite recently, after the death of Pope Pius XII, a solemn service was offered for him in the presence of the Orthodox Metropolitan Vladimir in the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in the Rue Daru. Similar services were held throughout France. The same Metropolitan sent one of his bishops as his official representative at the funeral service celebrated by Cardinal Feltin in Notre Dame. It is interesting to recall that the future Pope John XXIII was the Papal Nuncio in Paris during the time when these good relations were developing.

THE HOLY FATHER'S recent proposal is not something new in the history of the Church. In 1439 at the Council of Florence, when the Turks were threatening Byzantium, a union between Greeks and Latins was actually ratified but, accomplished as it was under pressure, it remained a dead letter.

In 1868 Pius IX also sent an apostolic letter to the Orthodox patriarchs inviting them to the Vatican Council. Through an unfortunate indiscretion the contents of the letter leaked out to the press before the bishops received official notice of it. Accordingly, they were offended. The Patriarch of Constantinople returned the Pope's letter unopened to the messenger who had brought it.

This time the reaction of the Orthodox world to the project of John XXIII has been, on the whole, definitely more favorable. Some Orthodox prelates or some smaller communities with a more nationalistic spirit have rejected with distrust the hand extended by the Pope, but the highest authority in the Christian East, Patriarch Athenagoras I of Constantinople, and several other bishops have echoed the appeal of the Holy Father. Archbishop Iakovos, Primate of the Orthodox Greeks in the New World, has met John XXIII in a long private audience. In fact, the reaction of authoritative voices among the Orthodox in the United States was perhaps more favorable than Orthodox reaction anywhere else.

Archbishop Antony Bashir, Metropolitan of the Syrian Orthodox in North America, has stated publicly, "that he felt it was his duty and the duty of every man of his faith to work to support Pope John XXIII in his efforts for ecumenity." Orthodox theologians whose minds and pens have been the most active among their confrères during the last decades, have given constructive replies to the call of the Holy Father. Mr. N. Arseniev, professor at the Orthodox Seminary of New York, stresses our responsibility in what he calls "the present most important historical moment". Father A. Schmemann, professor at this Seminary, has invited the Eastern Church to study Catholicism objectively and to express her thought "in such language and in such a spirit" that she might be heard and understood. Father Florovsky, professor at Harvard, foresees, before the Council convenes, a general exchange of views among theologians. Orthodox and Catholic bishops, he writes, are not yet ready "spiritually" to meet each other. "The formal meeting of the Churches must be preceded by a 'molecular' preparation on the various levels of ecclesiastical life." No doubt most of the Catholic specialists would share Father Florovsky's viewpoint.

As attentive readers will have noticed, the official declaration published with regard to the coming Council does not say that the Christian communities not united with Rome will be invited but that the Council itself "would be an invitation to the separated communities to find unity."

Obviously, the Holy Father wants to proceed very prudently. A new failure, such as followed upon the Council of Florence, would be an immense catastrophe for the Christian world.

Even if the new Council does not work the real miracle of putting a final seal on reunion, it will have achieved an inestimable result if it paves the way for it by clarifying points of doctrine misunderstood by the non-Catholics and bringing together the separated brethren to make a definite step towards a final reconciliation. A wound of nearly a thousand years is not to be healed in a few days.

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"You are caught up in the great sweep of human history"

This Is Rome

by GEORGE H. DUNNE

WHAT IS the word to describe Rome? Extraordinary? Beautiful? Vibrant? It is all these and more. And yet none of the words nor all of them combined can adequately describe this city. Many books have attempted to do so, like H. V. Morton's, which everybody tells me I must read. But I have not read the books, only a chapter here and there. Perhaps I will read them, but only after I have left Rome and, filled with the pangs of exile, need to breathe life into fading memories. Right now I want not to read about Rome, but to experience Rome.

This I think is the thing about Rome. You do not come to Rome to look at her as you go to New Delhi to look at the Taj Mahal or to Chartres to admire the Cathedral. There is surely much to be admired in Rome, and everywhere you go there are the tourists looking, some admiringly, some merely curiously, some impatiently. But you come to Rome first to live, not to look. Seeing is incidental to being. In Rome you are caught up in the great sweep of human history and you become part of that history and relive it until you lie awake at night tingling with excitement. Here the swelling currents of great events swirl by like the Tiber "chafing at her shores" and you are carried along topsy-turvy, head over heels, giddy in the tide.

Other cities are beautiful. San Francisco has its bay and its bridge, New York its skyline, Washington its stately streets. What city embraces more beauty than Paris? What city, other than Rome, has more history than Paris? But Paris's history is largely the history of Paris. Rome's history is largely the history of the world.

Actually, the history of the city itself is of relatively minor interest. Nobody greatly cares about Romulus and Remus and the wolf. But in Rome there seem to have been acted out, in one way or another, nearly all the great events that have marked the course and shaped the history of the Western world, and not only the Western world! In my own room I yesterday examined the original manuscript, borrowed from the archives, of the decree written and published in Nanking on February 7, 1707 by Charles Thomas Maillard de Tournon, Apostolic Visitor, Patriarch of Antioch, not yet a Cardinal but with the power of legate *a latere,* condemning the Chinese rites. All the glorious, sad, heroic, mean, splendid history of those wonderful years of burgeoning hope and stirring events sprang into life. Matteo Ricci, Cattaneo, Longobardi, Schall, Berbiest, crowded into my room. K'ang-hsi, greater emperor than his contemporary *Le Roi Soleil,* grew wroth again at the intransigence of de Tournon, who grew more stubborn still, and again I heard the Chinese Church crashing in ruins, as she had before and would again.

Here too I saw the letters of Michel Boym, Jesuit, announcing his forthcoming arrival in Rome as ambassador extraordinary of the last Ming Emperor, whose wife, mother and son, the heir apparent to a throne already lost to the Ch'ing, had all become Catholics. Carried away a bit by a sense of his own importance, Boym expected to be met at the city gates by the Cardinals and taken in style to the Pope. He would wait three years before even getting to see the Pope, skeptical of his credentials and uninterested in his demands. If you wish to write a history of China, Japan or India, you have to come to Rome.

THIS MORNING, in the room where St. Ignatius of Loyola died, I said Mass amid memories of St. Philip Neri who often came to see him here; of St. Francis de Sales who made his orisons here; of St. Charles Borromeo who said his second Mass here; of St. Francis Borgia who, before he died here, here received into the Society of Jesus St. Stanislas, as later the Father General Aquaviva would here receive St. Aloysius Gonzaga; of Laynez, Ignatius' immediate successor, who died here and whose name conjures up all the great shades of Trent; of Pius VII who came here to say Mass and made the Cardinals come with him (they must have packed the room and overflowed into the saint's bedroom) the morning he was to read, within this house, the Bull raising the Society of Jesus from its ashes. From this room Ignatius dispatched Francis Xavier, and how many others, to India, to Japan, and East and West are joined and the world shrinks. (And last week I had lunch in Los

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Angeles on Friday and *caffé espresso* in Rome on Saturday.)

I descend deep into the bowels of the earth directly beneath St. Peter's great basilica and find myself transported backward nineteen centuries in time and walking through the streets of a pagan Roman necropolis: mausoleum after mausoleum, perfectly preserved, exquisitely carved, touching memorials of marble and stone, by a father to his "dear sweet son," by a husband to his "dear deserving wife." Then deep beneath the great altar of St. Peter's I see the shrine erected a hundred years or less after his death by still persecuted Christians, upon the spot where they believed, and where impressive archeological evidence strongly suggests they had every reason to believe, St. Peter was buried.

I go out on the roof-terrace where I am staying and look across at the Castel Sant' Angelo. This was Hadrian's tomb, made into a fortress by Leo IV, who built the Leonine Wall which runs through our garden and, at the highest point of the Vatican hill, the great tower which now houses the Vatican Radio.

Here Pope Clement VII, whose desperate flight along the Leonine Wall I can follow with my eye, escaped from the tender mercies of the pious Catholic Emperor Charles V who had loosed his savage soldiery upon hapless Rome and taught a lesson in rapine that Hun and Visigoth might envy: the Swiss guards slaughtered to the last man, the notables of Rome murdered wherever found, Clement spared only because Hadrian had wished to build himself a greater tomb than that of his father-in-law, the great Caesar Augustus.

Here too, in this tomb-fortress-castle, was imprisoned and here died Father Ricci, last General of the suppressed Society of Jesus. Without moving a step, by merely turning my head to the left, I can see the Papal apartments where last Sunday noon from this same spot I watched John XXIII stand by his open window and bestow upon me and the thousands in the piazza below his genial blessing. I wonder what thoughts must have passed through the mind of Clement XIV as he looked from his window at the Castel Sant' Angelo where for two years in a cold, dismal dungeon of stone Ricci languished, deprived *(incredibile dictu!)* of Mass and sacraments. Poor Ganganelli! I stood by his tomb the other day in a churchyard by the Gregorian University and around the corner from what was once the Franciscan convent where he had been Prior before he was Pope. Rome is filled with such historical ironies.

THIS IS the way it is in Rome. In America you may drive a hundred miles to see a crumbling California mission and capture a fleeting moment of history, or a thousand miles to visit the house of George Washington and dream of Valley Forge or listen to the rolling drums of Yorktown. It is worth the time and effort. But here you stand on a roof-top or on a street corner or you take an afternoon stroll and the story of humanity unfolds before your eyes.

You enter the basilica of St. Mary Major. The great Council of Ephesus comes to life. The year 432, Nestorius condemned, the Mother of God vindicated and the same year this great basilica dedicated by Sixtus III to perpetuate the memory of her triumph. You look to the golden ceiling and the saga of Christopher Columbus is re-enacted, for this is the first gold brought to Europe from the newly discovered continent, presented by Ferdinand and Isabella to Alexander VI. Alexander VI! There is a name to conjure with and one you encounter all over Rome, but perhaps the fewer memories that name evokes the better. Here is the sepulcher of Pius V. The trumpets blow and the pennons fly at Lepanto as Don Juan of Austria rides the waves to victory. Elizabeth is excommunicated, the breach made final, and Chaucer's England will never be merry again. Here is the tomb of Clement VIII to remind you of the great controversy *De Auxiliis* and of Jesuit and Dominican giants shaking the earth in their struggle. There is the altar where St. Ignatius said his first Mass. Here is the altar where young Pacelli, Pius XII to be, said his first Mass. So it goes.

You walk down the Tiber a few steps from the tomb of Hadrian, who completed the conquest of Britain begun by Julius Caesar and thus accomplished before Anno Domini 126 what Adolf Hitler could not accomplish in Anno Domini 1940. You cross the Ponte Cavour and come upon the once magnificent, still massive pile, filling an entire square block, towering above you, and you ask a passing Roman *"che cosa è questo,"* and he says "Augusteo!" Suddenly the heavens burst into song and the angelic choirs are singing "Peace on earth to men of good will" and the shepherds are hurrying across the hill in search of the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and the whole of history is gathered up in a single moment as time stands still. For this is the tomb of Caesar Augustus from whom there went forth a decree that brought Joseph with Mary who was with Child across the hills to Bethlehem, where there was no room for them in the inn, and to the cave where the heavens opened and rained down the Just One and man's hope which was dead is born again. Caesar Augustus! May he rest in peace.

A few more steps bring you to the Forum, where you listen to the never to be equalled sonorities of Cicero's eloquence as he excoriates Catiline or pleads for Milo. Without moving out of range of Cicero's voice you can look into the Mamertine prison and wonder in which of these grim cells St. Peter was confined, in which St. Paul. Was it perhaps the same cell where earlier graceful Vercingetorix, whose no-

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bility and courage wrung admiration from his conqueror, Julius Caesar, awaited death? Or perhaps the one where later was strangled to death Simon Bar Gioras, last valiant defender of Jerusalem, which Vespasian left without a stone upon a stone and Christ's prophecy was fulfilled? Thus is history relived in Rome, not chronologically but all tumbled together, with all the memories of mankind crowding in upon you from every age.

STILL A FEW more steps and you are at the Colosseum where you look into the double-tiered animal cages and hear the roaring lions and bellowing bulls as they wait to be let loose in the arena to pit their savagery against the hunter's skill, their lives against his the stakes of the game. You listen to the screaming of the crowd, fifty thousand strong who can fill or empty this great bowl in ten minutes time, so ingeniously is it built. Or perhaps you think of Ignatius of Antioch, as eloquent as he was brave, who on his way to meet the lions in Rome had written: "I am God's wheat, and I am ground by the wild beasts that I may be found the pure bread of Christ."

You stroll up the Corso to the *Piazza del Popolo* and there is the Flaminian Gate through which Roman legions marched to defend the outposts of empire. Straight north on the Flaminian Way, if you care for a longer walk, you will come upon the *Ponte Milvio* where Constantine in 312 overcame Maxentius under the Sign of the Cross and Christianity is at last set free and the western world is Catholic and the basilicas and cathedrals are built and the Summas written. Or stay where you are and recall Cardinal Wiseman's famous letter "From Out the Flaminian Gate" which caused furor in England and swept that land with anger from presbytery to Parliament and brought forth Newman's inspired "Second Spring."

Take a few dozen steps and enter the ancient church of *S. Maria del Popolo,* built into the Flaminian Wall and upon the tombs of the Domitii and some say of Nero himself, and sadly recall where that furor took its rise and the rent unity of Christendom and the Thirty Years War and the Treaty of Westphalia and the *cuius regio eius religio* and the fatal charms of Anne Boleyn and heretics at the stake and martyrs on the rack. It is all here; for in this church Martin Luther said Mass and in this Augustinian convent he stayed during his unhappy visit to Rome, where he saw only the sinners and overlooked the saints and went home first to brood and then to nail his theses to a door.

This is Rome, where all the streams of history converge—from Rameses II, a contemporary of Moses and whose obelisk stands in the *Piazza del Popolo* to John XXIII who smiles from his window upon the crowds in the *Piazza S. Pietro.*

This is Rome. This is the history of man which has been lived here and which lives on in every stone. There is where Dante lived. Here is where Keats died. Here lies Raphael. And I have not even mentioned Michelangelo. Rome reeks with history and swarms with memories, and so the very air is alive, electric. *Joie de vivre* is everywhere in evidence: in the scooter dashing by while its driver sings to the skies, and his wife? sweetheart? cousin? hangs bravely on in back; in the little cars which rush madly around the corner at you and dare you not to jump; in the lovers who are everywhere. This is natural. *Joie de vivre, gioia d'amore,* the two go hand in hand. And children are everywhere. This too is natural and has little to do, I suspect, with treatises on birth control and much to do with the *joie de vivre* and with the sense of the Romans who know what an exciting and wondrous thing life is because their city is saturated with it.

This is Rome. Exciting, beautiful, inspiring, all these and—as I confessed at the outset—much, much more.

THE FIRST CAROL

O weave the fir!
  Twine garlands green
For Heaven's Lord
  And Heaven's Queen,
    For on a morn
    Shall *Christ* be born.
    Noël, Noël, Noël!

Call forth each bird
  With song to sing
That each may join
  Our caroling,
    For on such night
    Came *Christ The Light.*
    Noël, Noël, Noël!

Call forth the ox,
  Lead forth the hind,
While down we kneel
  To kneel behind
    To praise *The Lord*
    God's Host adored.
    Noël, Noël, Noël!

O weave the fir,
  Twine garlands green
For Heaven's Lord
  And Heaven's Queen:
    On morrow's morn
    Shall *Christ* be born!
    Noël, Noël, Noël!

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

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SPECIAL PURCHASE

GRADUALLY, during three-quarters of the year, a person gets fairly well adjusted to his Supermarket. With women it is necessary; with men the accomplishment is normally only relative, since even the most helpful husband is helpful only so often per annum. Still, even he can almost unconsciously learn safe routes through the labyrinthine ways of the local A.&P.—or Safeway, Kroger, or whatever—toward the bread and coffee and a few other real essentials of family marketing. Having done so, man or woman appreciates that feeling of being on top of the retail situation and being at home in this active, communal environment.

But inevitably, and it seems earlier and earlier in the fourth quarter of every year, the shopper who has permitted himself the slightest smugness finds that his confidence and equanimity are undermined again and betrayed by a new set of bewildering circumstances. Since the last visit the topography has been changed, and the standard commodities hidden away, and the product mix revolutionized. The notions department, for example, has grown out of all proportion; paper goods have multiplied down their aisle in fantastic variety and color until one wonders if this really is, after all, the neighborhood grocery store. Then, at some key corner of the maze, the path is suddenly blocked completely by the silvered carcass of an exotic fir tree. So then, one realizes, we are already astray in the Holiday Season.

Modern retailers have taken over the duties of the Magi and with the lash of advertising they whip us along the road to Bethlehem. The warning comes by mail long before the star could have risen over Arabia. The major literature of deep autumn comes bound and illustrated in the hard selling brochures which sweep the land with the ghosts of Halloween. The weightiest lessons, in heft and humor, come from luxury stores. Printed on paper so slickly and generously coated that the sheet is something like the side of a bath tub, they bring picture and story of jewels pawned by the exiting princes of India, etched glass vases for roses with six foot stems, and sports neckties personally loomed by wives of premiers of republics carved from Oriental Empires. They undoubtedly set an image of opulence, which is a useful seasonal stimulus for us all, but they recall to the mind of the less magnificent customers a warning learned young: "Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head."

The old standard store catalogues, accumulating nostalgic power year after year, help more practically to transmit down the generations a special enthusiasm for getting and giving. . . . Unfortunate the household no longer interested in the child psychology of F.A.O. Schwarz! Every man and woman, at least this once a year, deserves to be reinvigorated by the decorative sportliness of Abercrombie & Fitch. Young and old appreciate anew the seductive stuffiness of the Brooks Brothers, and the wholesome taste of Best. All across the continent, these and other mature leaders of the industry carry out their assigned task.

An even sharper prick comes from the once-a-year vendors and promoters. In the fall of the year, apparently, every family is expected to have its personal super fruitman in the Northwest, colonial craftsman in New England, ceramic salesman in the mission lands from Carmel to San Diego. These ring bells louder, and much earlier in the year, than sleigh bells. There is special animation in the annual splurge of the smaller store which compensates for financial stringency by a free and wild design. One must open at the correct folds, assemble in one mind's vision the diverse *collages,* translate the free hand lettering, associate the allusive symbols, and desperately discover, in short, what you get for how much.

From all these innumerable sources the home and family can learn to share with sensitive enterprise the seasonal strain of waiting piously for dew to drop down, ye heavens, from above.

This Christmas was planned before anybody knew the duration of the steel strike, and the Season was most evidently planned large. Almost at the beginning, that echoing advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* by Tiffany & Co.—"as a matter of record only" . . . announcing that a custom built, golden headed putter had successfully been delivered . . . for $1400—set an indeed admirably high tone. In Tibet, during the decadent milleniums before the recent liberation, they used to give their years personal names of color and sympathy instead of simply numerical designations: The Fire Ox Year, Year of the Plumed Mountain, and the like. It appears that the local buying season, 1959, could be called the Fall of the Golden Putter.

It is to be recognized, of course, that without giving away a turkey, Scrooge would still be Scrooge. The bandit who avows that his attitude has changed can only complete the change, and prove it, by breaking his bank account to make material as well as sentimental restitution. There is little danger of making too big a thing of Christmas, materially or spiritually, but the error is to isolate and distort it. Christmas, in the original plan, is integrated into the entire cycle, B.C. and A.D. Ben Hogan never had a gold headed putter; and to the multitudes, Christ gave fish and bread.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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It remains one of the few issues which can still stir passions

The School Question in France

by ROBERT BARRAT

THE SCHOOL QUESTION in France has been poisoning the atmosphere for almost three-quarters of a century. Periodically the leaders of the two sides confront whatever political regime is in power in France with a new maneuver on the question—a clerical offensive when there is Leftist government and a secularist attack when the Rightists are in power. Both seem agreed at least on this: that an understanding must be avoided at all hazards.

For some, the dispute gives a sort of dramatic excitement to their personal existence. In the west of France I knew a Catholic teacher who had been ostracized by an older priest because she taught in a State school. Conversely, the pupils in a certain State normal school were persecuted by their directress because they sought to assist at Mass on Friday mornings. It is no longer possible to speak of a religious war, to be sure, but the school problem is nevertheless one of the few issues which can still stir passions in France.

The present situation was set up by the laws of 1850, 1875, 1886, and 1919, which organized primary, secondary, higher and technical education. French law recognizes freedom of instruction and permits private schools to receive financial aid from municipalities, *départements* or the State—on condition, of course, that their teaching is not contrary to morality, the Constitution or French law. Naturally the State has itself organized its own educational system, and it is to be expected that it would prefer to reserve its funds —especially when they are scarce—for the support of its own schools and faculties rather than to use them for Catholic, Protestant or Jewish schools.

Up to this point there is no difficulty. Freedom of teaching from the time that France became a rich country has enabled all sorts of schools to flourish. But things have been spoiled by two developments. In 1905 an anti-clerical government forbade the religious orders to teach in France. It was the time of the "laicizing laws," the period of "little Father Combes," for the Minister of Public Instruction most hostile to Catholic education had once been a student in a seminary.

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After 1945, following the last war—which dealt the final blow to the wealth of the old rural families and of the Catholic bourgeoisie—the non-State schools found themselves in danger of starvation for lack of subsidies. In 1951 the Marie-Barangé laws provided an allocation of thirteen hundred francs per quarter for each child attending school, public or private. In creating this allocation the legislator thought he had rendered a judgment of Solomon. He hoped on the one hand to satisfy the Catholics and, on the other, to keep the defenders of public education quiet, since public education was the principal beneficiary of the allocation. In 1954-55 the number of children in public schools who received these benefits was 5,490,000, while those attending other schools totaled 1,167,000. For the larger group the State expended nineteen billion francs, for the other six billions. But neither of the two camps was satisfied.

THE DEFENDERS of the public schools complained that education in France was undergoing a grave crisis. They said that French children were not adequately educated and that their schooling was inferior to that of other modern countries. There were not enough schools. This was due largely to the destructions of the war, migrations from the country to the city and to the increase in population which had been registered almost constantly since 1949. The census of 1954 showed that there were less than three hundred thousand with bachelor's degrees taking part in the economic activities of the nation and that the level of scholarship in higher education was below that of Bulgaria, Japan and Czechoslovakia, not to mention the Soviet Union and the United States. Seven out of ten French children virtually abandon their studies at the age of fourteen, after obtaining their certificates of studies. And why? Essentially because the budget for national education is insufficient and the French universities lack facilities and professors. Salaries are low, and the general quality of French teaching is constantly declining.

But what about the billions provided by the Barangé Law? They do not fall within the general funds of the national education budget and are intended primarily

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for supplying existing institutions with materials for games and sports and for keeping present buildings in repair. The League of Teaching—in which are grouped the adversaries of non-public education—puts the question as follows:

"Why does the State aid private schools when it is already incapable of supporting its own schools adequately? Besides, the confessional schools historically have played the role of centers of anti-republicanism. Witness the Dreyfus affair. If they want to receive money from the nation, they must accept the common lot, that is to say, State control over the quality of their teachers and the education given in their schools. We do not seek to prevent Catholics from building a school system parallel to that of the secular schools, but let them finance it themselves."

The non-State schools, for their part, do not lack arguments nor ardent defenders. The Secretariat of Studies for the Freedom of Teaching, a sort of pressure group which is very active and powerful, is made up of a number of associations of parents and heads of schools. After the elections of 1951 this secretariat was able to organize a parliamentary bloc for freedom of teaching which numbered three hundred deputies in the French National Assembly. I believe that this figure has markedly increased since the 1958 elections.

"Freedom of teaching is proclaimed by the Constitution," say leaders of this organization. And resorting to an argument of which the Marxists are fond, they add: "But what is a right which cannot be exercised in the concrete? Private education today truly renders a public service. If people wish the institution to exist they must supply it with the means of existence. The grants under the Barangé Law are only a palliative, at most enough to keep private schools from immediate extinction." The situation of private education is unquestionably desperate, especially in regard to teachers' salaries. Two years ago a teacher in a Catholic school in Paris earned 28,000 francs (about $60) a month starting out, 40,000 francs after twenty-three years of teaching. In other words, just enough to keep him alive.

This situation is all the more reprehensible in that it results in a great dispersion of efforts when the need, instead, is to coordinate them in order to meet the mounting population wave. In certain villages, where the majority is strongly Christian, it often happens that the two schools exist side by side. The public school is attended by only a few pupils, especially the children of the teacher, while the Catholic villagers exhaust themselves supporting their school, where Religious of good will but without sufficient certification give second-rate instruction.

IS THERE no way out of this impasse? That the Church and parents have the right to give their own children the education of their choice is a principle on which it is well not to trespass in these days of totalitarianism. But there is more. Father Le Blond wrote recently in *Études,* the Jesuit review: "The whole truth, the full realization of Christianity, should penetrate all human life. The school enters upon the specific mission of the Church, which is to implant the Faith. It is important for a Christian child not only to understand in an abstract manner but to experience in actual examples the fact that the Church is the friend of culture and knowledge. It is true that an intelligent religious education can not only complete, but transfigure by its light, all the rest of one's studies and schooling."

Finally, and of primary importance, there is the practical situation. One French family out of five sends its children to a private school, but forty-seven per cent of the parents in a recent poll would prefer to send their children to such schools if they could afford it. This reflects a general feeling that public education still professes a neutrality in philosophic and ethical matters which leads many young minds to skepticism and uncertainty.

On the other hand, it must be noted that certain passionate defenders of private education go too far when they demand complete financial support of their institutions and at the same time refuse any State controls. The solution of this delicate problem would seem to lie somewhere between such a formula and that of a single national school system run by the State. The latter scheme was proposed in 1951 in a rather brutal fashion by Paul Boncour, Socialist and president of the Commission of Study of the School Problem, when he asserted: "As for the appeal made by private education, the proper answer is: not aid to private schools dispersed far and wide and involving no control, but aid coupled with an offer of that degree of integration into the State system justified by the needs of the general plan. Such integration would have to be voluntary rather than imposed."

Recently General de Gaulle had a meeting with Cardinal Feltin and other prelates of the Church in France. The General wanted this acrimonious debate brought to a close, for it distracts energies from the real problems of France and renders the political climate unhealthy.

What use would it be to take advantage of the large parliamentary majority that favors private education to grant the huge credits—forty or fifty billion francs —which its most ardent supporters demand? A swing of the electoral pendulum would raise the school question all over again within a few years. The revenge of the anti-clericals would follow hard upon that of the clericals. The present government has the good sense not to want to continue along the road of allocations but to seek an over-all solution.

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FOR SIX months a commission headed by P. O. Lapie, a Socialist, and made up of representatives of public and private education, has revised the whole itinerary of the late Paul Boncour Commission. The results of its labors have not yet been published, but according to what has become known they involve a very flexible arrangement. There are the two extremes: the official public school and the non-supported private school. There are three possibilities for their relationship:

First, integration in the State University. That would imply complete control by the latter, but with an important innovation in that the teachers in an institution could be exclusively Catholics, Protestants or Jews.

Second, a compromise agreement: partial support by the State, involving a certain degree of control. That would be an extension of the formula already in existence for a Catholic educational institution like the College Stanislas in Paris. Here the Church conducts the institution but the University lends certain of its professors and pays their salaries.

Finally, there would be created a new category of institutions, totally private, but whose teachers, if they have earned the required diplomas, would be paid by the State.

If the golden mean has any virtue, the reaction to these propositions so far by the extremists on both sides seems to guarantee that the Lapie Commission has done well. No one at present wants to see the battle over the schools start up again, for we already have our hands full of problems over Algeria.

The government has therefore promised that the question would be debated before the end of the present session of the Parliament. By Christmas we should know whether French youth is at last to have its right to peace. Actually everything will first have to be agreed upon quietly by the French Episcopacy, the secular organizations and the Élysée Palace. Since that body is simply a chamber of registry according to the Constitution of 1958, it seems unlikely that the National Assembly can place the government in a minority position on any matter whatever. Will the school question be settled by this coming New Year's Day? If it is, and if our great-grandparents were to return to this earth, they would be justified in saying: "Indeed something has changed in France."

FLOWERING SUDDEN

With hands like faded aspen leaves, hands
worn smooth in smoothing finer grain
of cedar, olive, oriental fig, with hands
articulate and known from soothing pain,
you break your body, spill your blood.

Here in the cup my sons unborn,
with the terrible beauty of a child born dead
their fingers reaching to my father heart,
pierce through lightless eyes
past scorn and doubt and the thirty suns
spun unbelieving through their sightless eyes

and come to the light and forgive.
Here in the cup my unborn sons forgive.

With hands like faded aspen leaves, hands
worn smooth . . .

Rain sweet as summer
upon my tongue, sunsets shaming
cathedral windows, tender lips
tender upon my lips not ever:
these in the cup and all my tears of love.

With hands articulate and known
from soothing . . .

Not flesh unfeeling
but flowering sudden with terrible flame
firing every gesture beyond the mind, searing
hearts with the word unspoken
burns at the lip.

The desert famines, a voice
in the clearing, and fountains
springing from every rock consume
the offered in ways unthought,
rejoicing in strange feasts.

Not flesh unfeeling, but fired.

With hands like faded aspen leaves
hands articulate and known
you break your body, spill your blood.

The glory, the quick
intransigent mystery of life hallowed between
these hallowed hands now streaming light
like Gothic windows, the glory of unborn lives
and hearts not held and self not given, the glory
is quick in the fired, intransigent cup.

And the flame between these Gothic hands
firing Isaiah's consecrated lips
burns upward from the elevated cup
with a glory more quick and for ever.

JOHN L'HEUREUX.

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THE SCREEN

THERE'S STILL TIME, BROTHER

WITHOUT ANY doubt the year's scariest film is "On the Beach," Stanley Kramer's frightening and expertly made opus about the end of the world. It opens in 1964 in Melbourne, Australia, where most of the movie was made. World War III, a nuclear war that started when somebody pushed a button somewhere, is practically over; and all the peoples on the earth are dead except the Australians, who realize the deadly radioactive drift will reach them in five months. The only Americans left are the crew of an atomic submarine, who were submerged at sea when the radiation came and who are now about to start out on a reconnaissance cruise along the coast of North America to learn if the fallout is slackening and if the odd radio signals coming from there have meaning.

Obviously this is pretty grim material, but the story is so interesting and Stanley Kramer has handled its episodes in such exciting cinema that the whole thing is compelling in spite of its downbeat theme. If at times the plot seems somewhat contrived, this is due more to the glamorous cast than to the good script which John Paxton and James Lee Barrett worked out of Nevil Shute's novel. Gregory Peck walks handsomely and stiffly through his role as the American submarine commander who refuses to admit that his wife and children are no longer waiting for him in Connecticut; Anthony Perkins, in another stylized performance, is his usual good-looking boyish self as the Australian lieutenant who's having no easy time of it with his hysterical wife, played by newcomer Donna Anderson. Miss Anderson is not quite up to the requirements of this difficult role—but her high-strung carryings-on may strike some as a welcome contrast to the stiff-upper-lip portrayals of many of the minor players, whose life-as-usual attitudes seem rather forced in view of the fact that the radioactive drift is getting closer every day. There are two surprise performances in "On the Beach," one by Ava Gardner, as a restless party girl, and the other by Fred Astaire, as a nuclear physicist; both have dropped their previous glamour roles to portray hard-drinking Australians who are determined to speed up their lives in the next five months.

The film's best episodes are those connected with the reconnaissance expedition on which Astaire and Perkins accompany the Americans. They soon discover that the fallout is by no means on the wane; and they are all moved (as the audience must surely be) by the sight of the deserted Golden Gate Bridge and San Francisco. In this part of the film one strong, emotional scene follows the other. A young sailor who escapes to be with his family has to be left behind. Another crewman in protective gear investigates the radio signals from a peopleless hydroelectric plant in San Diego. But the results are disappointing, and the return to Australia is no happier.

Since this is a movie about world-wide annihilation, there are many symbols of death, despair, recklessness, the misuse of science. There is a magnificently-staged auto race in which Astaire drives like mad in his Ferrari. There is much talk of the pills that will relieve radiation suffering, but will hasten death. There are shots of people gathered at a Salvation Army meeting, with a banner proclaiming: "There is still time, brother," and shots of people standing in line to get their lethal pills. All this is very effective and disturbing. One wonders, when the end finally starts, why there aren't more bodies around and why the living do not give more thought to church and religion. Is the still-time-brother sign meant to be ironical or a warning to the audience? The film makes it clear that no one is sure who pushed the war-starting button, but that the war really started when people thought they could defend themselves with nuclear bombs like those of the enemy. Stanley Kramer dramatizes this race suicide theme well. "On the Beach" is not the cheeriest fare for holiday movie-going, but its grim story provides a moving, perhaps valuable, experience.

AUDIENCES who like these imaginative adventures but would prefer them to be a little more escapist should find "Journey to the Center of the Earth" to their liking. Jules Verne, whose stories inspired such successful movies as "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "Around the World in Eighty Days," is the source for this plot that is full of excitement, danger, likely characters and enough pseudo-science to make everything seem plausible. Walter Reisch and Charles Brackett have written a script which mixes these ingredients with a sense of humor that is most welcome when the going gets too suspenseful and rough. And their deviations from Verne don't matter too much, because Brackett has given the whole thing a first-rate production with a good cast and stunning color photography on a CinemaScope screen, and Director Henry Levin has caught well the spirit of Verne as his characters go down, down, down to the center of the earth.

James Mason is excellent as Oliver Lindenbrook, geologist at the University of Edinburgh, playing the role with the right touches of scientific jargon, humor and absent-minded-professor attitudes to give authority to his portrait of this leader of the expedition. With him on the perilous descent are Pat Boone, as one of his enthusiastic students; Peter Ronson, as a gigantic Icelandic youth who helps carry equipment and who brought his pet duck along; Arlene Dahl, as a Swedish

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cientist's widow; Thayer David, as Count Saknussemm, who trails along with the expedition after his villainy fails to stop it. And wringing her hands back in Edinburgh while the group make their many-days' journey into the dark night of the earth is Diane Baker, as Mason's niece who is in love with Pat Boone. Under Levin's skillful direction, all these people, even those not usually given to good acting, come through well.

A general air of excitement and amiability pervades the whole picture. Even some of the horrors and the scariest places, complete with stalactites and stalagnites (photographed in Carlsbad Caverns), are incredibly handsome. Perhaps those who see "On the Beach" should be persuaded to see "Journey to the Center of the Earth" too. The explorers in this latter film make it clear that man's spirit, in spite of all, cannot be quenched. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"INTEGRATED YET ISOLATED"

Syracuse, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Lest we forget, it is good that the authors of "Integrated Yet Isolated" in the September 25th issue remind us that attendance of Negro children at previously white schools does not constitute factual integration nor the end of discrimination. Particularly is this so while attendance of Negro pupils is still in "token" proportion and is still not in practice at all in many schools. The isolation of admitted pupils described by Miss Rhyne and Mr. Foster can be practiced in other regions than the South, isolation not only of Negroes but of other racial and cultural minority members, of children from different social and economic classes, of those who are handicapped physically or in other ways. It is encouraging to read from the pens of Southern writers about such progress in other aspects of community life as these authors describe in their concluding paragraphs.

Miss Rhyne's and Mr. Foster's presentation raises several questions of accuracy and perspective. The "mopping-up operations" after legal victory seems to me an unhappy and inapt metaphor. More legal as well as moral and educational battles may well be forthcoming before all children of whatever race, in all the States, are assured the right of attending their local schools on an equitable basis with others. The operations needed now, in the aftermath of present legal achievement, are hardly "mopping-up" but are ongoing campaigns against ignorance, superstition and pathological fears; vigorous educational, religious and social programs to help men, women and children of all races to grow in self-understanding, to pray, to strive for decency and justice in their relations with others.

The ultimate goal for Negroes indeed is not "the minimizing of discrimination wherever whites and Negroes are in conflict." That is a proximate goal if it is a goal at all. More properly it is a necessary method of moving toward goals. The ultimate goal for Negroes, as for whites and for all persons, is the achievement of justice, and decency and creative harmony in human relations be they social, educational, economic, religious, residential. Virtually of course, the ultimate goal is supernatural and obvious.

Hoary stereotypes of "the white Southerner" and "the Negro" rise again strangely in a document as lucid and freighted with good-will as this. White Southerners include Lillian Smith, some farmers of Koinonia, the editor of the Petal Papers, white Catholics whom I saw kneeling in the Newman Club chapel of Hampton Institute to receive Holy Communion from a Negro priest, and the next-door neighbor who unsettles her friends by calling the cleaning-woman "Mrs.", as well as members of white citizens' councils, Senators unnecessary to name, and a legion of frightened, well-meaning persons. That social relations of pupils in public schools are "pregnant with threatening possibilities" is not *the* Southern white position though it may be an influential one. Southern Negroes include Dr. Martin Luther King and professional workers who send their children to private, non-segregated schools outside the South, as well as persons too fearful and ones too trapped in segregation to seek their children's enrollment in previously all-white schools. Among both whites and Negroes are persons who have profited financially and in social prestige by segregation and who fight for segregation to sustain the profits.

Education may, as the authors say, have been a bold point of legal attack on the evils of segregation, because of the intimacies which characterize school life. The evils which had been permitted to grow in this country required legal as well as educational boldness. In this latter half of the twentieth century, if attack had not been bold (and high time too), attack at all would have been improbable. Myrdal's valuable analysis of ranks in discrimination by whites and the accompanying reversed "rank order of resentments" among Negroes provides a marvelous source of understanding and insight but does not constitute a formula for action. Patterns of action must always be developed in the particular area. Although they follow the same principles, patterns vary. Those effective in one situation are not necessarily the most effective in others.

For instance, in desegregating parochial and private schools in the South and in other sections, some schools planfully began with kindergarten and early grades in which the least resistance on the part of pupils and their parents was anticipated. In other instances, college and high schools were chosen for first efforts, appealing to the maturity and capacity for intelligent behavior of

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students. In still other cases, Negro teachers were employed in previously white schools, introducing students to knowledgeable adults in positions of authority and prestige before bringing in classmates of another race. The latter procedure has also been used in desegregating social agencies and children's camps. About ten years ago, when the parochial schools and many of the Catholic churches in the District of Columbia were still segregated, I crossed the street to speak to a young nun in charge of a line of children filing into church in preparation for First Communion, among whom were a few Negroes. She beamed and said proudly "Yes and we'll have them in first grade next year." Here, the socio-religious experience, with its accompanying moral principles, was used before the socio-educational experience, for young children, a sequence which would not be possible to provide in connection with all schools. In all of the foregoing examples, application could have been made from Myrdal's scale (along with other knowledge of the specific situation, including the personnel available) though the patterns of action differed. Myrdal's scale could also be misused to prevent action of any kind, continuously looking for a more acceptable place to begin. As in the old story of the mountain-dweller telling an inquiring car driver that if he were going to that town he "wouldn't start from here." But in truth, "here" is the only place we have to start from.

That fear of intermarriage is still relevant to many persons must be met with honesty. It may dominate the reaction of many white persons but it does not dominate the reaction of all "whites" or of all "Southern whites." The reaction is emotional, but emotions cannot be dealt with in complete isolation without regard for intelligence and truth. The intermarriage scare is used (albeit sometimes unconsciously) as a smoke screen. It is also sometimes used in deliberate hypocrisy. The delicately varying shades of pigmentation in complexion which can be observed, sometimes indistinguishable between persons categorized as Negro and white, offer sufficient evidence of the extent to which interracial cohabitation has been desired in the South. The annals of history attest to such practice on the part of men diligent in protection of their womenfolk from the future possibility of interracial marriage.

In honesty we cannot deny that although the concept of marriage with whites as a Negro goal is nonsense, it is probable that more such marriages will occur as communication, contact and social acceptance grow between people of different races and as children grow up in increased intimacy and equity. This recognition does not give any person the right to deprive others of their rights, even if he dislikes the idea of his granddaughter marrying a person of another race. Anyway, the extent to which we can control the marriages of our grandchildren (whether or not this was ever a good idea) has decreased and is possibly now several degrees below nil.

The authors' question whether too high a price in emotional deprivation has been demanded of Negro children for their academic gains is poignant. But what emotional price were they paying in segregated schools? What social prices and spiritual prices were white children paying? Now, with the small but terribly important legal gains which have been made in providing education for all, adults must seek to help all children in the "integrated" schools to build emotional stamina and courage. At the same time, we must continue the battle, if battle it will be, for further legal and educational gains. MARJORIE MURPHY.

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A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

Father John Peter Sullivan conducts an intensive training center for credit union and other self-help techniques for native Caribbean leaders, whose people have a per capita average income of three dollars a week. He gets a small Jamaican government grant and some regular individual donations from North America. But "to operate this center effectively" he needs an additional $1800 a month for the coming year. Donations may be sent to: Rev. John Peter Sullivan, S.J., Social Action Centre, 2 Olivier Road, Kingston 8, Jamaica, B.W.I.

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Augustine as a Contemporary

THE MODERNITY OF ST. AUGUSTINE. By Jean Guitton. Helicon. $2.50.

By WILLIAM PETREK

THE THESIS of these eighty-six pages is clear: Greek speculation lacked a sense of human time. Augustine, although nourished by that tradition, went beyond it and elaborated an intuition of the inner and exterior history of man. This fundamental theme of his thought, neglected for centuries, now credits him as a contemporary whose wisdom complements and corrects modern thought.

Time as aimless without predestination; time as mysteriously linked to sin; duration as the condition of liberty and salvation; eternity as the tension of time—these are some of the aspects of the Augustinian intuition that Guitton considers. Augustine's concern for the activity of consciousness that lies on the edges of perception, understanding and decision broadens the Aristotelian psychology of the individual. The Incarnation as a dynamic, fixed point in an otherwise hopeless history of the City redeems man's futile attempts to save himself.

Guitton, comparing him with later thinkers, sees Augustine anticipating Freud's notion of the unconscious with his faculty of *memoria* and enjoying a marked affinity with him in his doctrine of *concupiscentia*. Sartre's distinction between the *In-Itself* and the *For-Itself* smacks of Augustine's nine years of Manicheanism. The middle terms of the Hegelian dialectic, or the redemptive role assigned to the proletariat by Marx, fail as interpretations of history because what is needed is a Mediator between history and eternity. Gide, Proust and, in a different way, Newman are also compared and contrasted with Augustine.

All this sounds very exciting. Yet, the reader should not expect too much. The bulk of this book is formed by two lectures given in 1954 on the occasion of the sixteenth centenary of Augustine's birth. Its other major section is a new preface to the revised edition of Guitton's doctoral thesis, *Existence and Destiny, Time and Eternity According to Plotinus and St. Augustine*. The result has the necessary limitations of the spoken word become the printed word as well as a forced unity of presentation.

More than this, however, there is the fact—evident on the lecture platform as well as in a good number of his writings—that Guitton's genius, while an intuitive one, never lingers over the intuition. This gives a brilliance to his work but the reader is soon ready to trade a little of the brilliance for an intuition justified and sustained. Still, why complain about the bee flitting from flower to flower when he does provide the honey?

It is possible to differ with Guitton (or with Augustine) on a deeper level. Christian thinkers agree that outside the perspective of the Incarnation human history has no ultimate meaning. The contemporary problem, however, is to show what limited positive significance human history might have and to relate that significance to the Incarnation come to flower in the Parousia and the Resurrection. Is human history only an exile in a vale of tears or, possibly, nothing more than a game of asceticism? Augustine's notion of mankind's history as the repetition of collective futilities from which the individual can escape by taking refuge in God would seem to suggest this, as would Guitton's remark that men are but actors speaking the same script in different ages.

Perhaps there is no more to human history than this, yet some currents of modern Christian thought flow in less desolate climates. For contemporary Christians and humanists, relevance lies in speaking at least similar languages rather than the two distinct languages that have been more or less at cross-purposes since the Renaissance.

Of course, a book that can set us thinking about the value of human history, or of how a sense of the spiritual might emerge from saturation in the material, is a worthwhile book.

Aging Youth

CAFE CELESTE. By Françoise Mallet-Joris. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95.

By RICHARD GILMAN

ONE of the things that puzzle me about so many under-aged novelists is how they can manage to sound so much like octogenarians. There have been half a dozen novels recently by French and American youngsters all of which sounded as if they had been written by Somerset Maugham's aunts. I have no theory about the phenomenon; but I feel obliged to bring it to everybody's attention, since I think there may be something of a warning to all of us in this premature weathering of the *jeunesse dorée*.

It is only fair to Mlle. Mallet-Joris to acknowledge that by current standards in the trade she is practically middle-aged—twenty-seven. Even so, *Café Celeste* is her fourth novel and I believe her first was published when she was seventeen or thereabouts, so that she would certainly qualify as precocious. What then accounts for her creative ossification, the grey, ponderous qualities of her imagination, her appearance of having never rejoiced in anything or experienced anything original, rebellious or idiosyncratic?

There is nothing particularly wrong with Mlle. Mallet-Joris' theme: that men have illusions about themselves which they defend desperately against the truth. But there is a great deal wrong with what she does with it. For one thing, she employs a sagging old novelistic device—that of passing rhythmically and monotonously from the consciousness of one of her

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characters to that of another, so that there are at least seven or eight times too many fictional points of view. For another she is much given to the author's aside, the little God-like observations on what fools mortals be, or the elephantine invocations to the muse of sociology.

The Café Celeste is a place where a dozen or so residents of a cooperative apartment house in a working-class district of Paris meet every Monday night, to read each other's poetry, discuss the state of the world, comment on any current scandals, and most important, test each other's disguises. In the end (I really haven't the patience to go into greater detail) one man among them, more or less their leader, is brought to a crashing recognition of the lie he has lived, and several other persons to an understanding that it is better to be oneself. It is all heavy-handed, laborious, rhetorical.

To be so skillful at seeming old, it seems to me, testifies to a certain voluntary loss; somewhere along the line Mlle. Mallet-Joris evidently decided to opt for middle-class solidity and the maturer values—novelistically speaking—and thereby relinquished all the privileges of youth. And it would seem that a good many of her contemporaries have done the same.

Now nobody would claim that Françoise Sagan, to cite a writer who offers an instructive contrast to our own Françoise, has been any kind of true successor to Rimbaud and Radiguet, but at least she was and still is an *enfant* with a certain amount of *terribilita*. Her achievement was of two kinds: through simplicity and cleanliness of line she mocked the turgidities of some of her elders; and through the distillation of an atmosphere of seedy, unappeasable disillusion she imposed her youthful, special, wayward and unsettling personality upon the world. Which is what young geniuses are supposed to do. Astonish us, Cocteau's boy poet in *Orpheus* is told, and if Mlle. Sagan has not done that she has at least jabbed us off balance.

What gives her a justification is that she has not tried to be a model novelist who knows what we want, nor a model of acceptable thinking; to the limit of her powers she has assayed rebellion, wrong-headedness in the face of the more celebrated adult virtues, a fretful stance. What are we to think, on the other hand, of Mlle. Mallet-Joris, who wishes to write novels not out of a reckless vocabulary, the repudiation of every vision but one's own, the desire to make the world feel one's just-discovered weight—all privileged motives of the creative young—but exactly as the old hands do, the professionals, the ripe, safe, entrenched and impeturbable producers of sure things, who know that to be predictable and machine-like is to conquer the temptation to art? What are we to think of angels whose ambition is to enter the academy?

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REVIEWERS

Father William Petrek is head of the department of philosophy at Holy Cross Seminary, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Richard Gilman has contributed poetry and criticism to the *Chicago Review*, *Poetry* and other magazines.

RECORDS

Roundup

AS THIS IS written, not all the 1959 crop of classical recordings has been released. But as a kind of year-end summing up (and possibly as a guide to those who have last minute Christmas shopping to do), we herewith submit a list of those recordings that have impressed us most in the first eleven months of 1959.

In opera, a number of releases stand out favorably and vividly. Heading the list must surely be London's "Das Rheingold," Angel's "Dialogue of the Carmelites" and "Gianni Schicchi," a handsome "Marriage of Figaro" and "Macbeth" from Victor, and two from Capitol-EMI: "A Life for the Tsar" and "Faust."

"Das Rheingold" is indeed remarkable: there isn't a weak member in the cast, Georg Solti is flawless as the conductor and London's engineers have achieved an auditorium-realism that is unsurpassed to date. The other operatic albums noted for grace with such luminaries as Denise Duval, Tito Gobbi, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Leonie Rysanek, Teresa Stich-Randall, Victoria de los Angeles—all of them at the top of their form, all of them exquisitely served by supporting artists and engineers.

In the choral-oratorio category, several albums can be recommended. These must certainly include the Deutsche-Grammophon Archive's "St. Matthew Passion"; Beethoven's "Mass in C," performed by Sir Thomas Beecham and his forces; Haydn's "The Seasons" by Beecham; Bach's "Mass in B Minor" led by Eugen Jochum and featuring Kim Borg, Lois Marshall and company on the Epic label; and a new "Messiah" by Beecham on the Victor label.

The last-named album deserves a special note. It is the first of a new Soria Series presentation by Victor. The Sorias (Dario and Dorle) are the husband-wife team that introduced Angel records to America in 1953, sold their interest in Angel in 1958 to the parent holding com-

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pany, Electric and Musical Industries of London, and were rather soon thereafter hired by Victor to produce six or eight super-elegant, sumptuous albums each year for that company. The Beecham "Messiah" is the first fruit of that new alliance and the performance and the Soria packaging are things of beauty.

It is a bright, gleaming and vital thing that Sir Thomas has given us in this "Messiah" and the art-booklet (by Skira) used by the Sorias to illustrate the text is exceedingly handsome. The whole set slips neatly into a hard, cloth-cover box. Luxurious but elegant and in good taste throughout.

* * *

A number of orchestral albums stand out as the peaks of 1959. There is space to mention only titles, conductors and record labels. They may not be the "best" of all time, frequently a highly subjective judgment, but all of them deserve an audition by buyers who appreciate and seek evocative artistry, integrity, poetry and the requisite talent to communicate these qualities first to an orchestra and then to its listeners.

Orchestral landmarks of 1959:

Stravinsky's "Firebird," Ansermet (London); the Brahms symphonic cycle, Klemperer (Angel); Debussy's "Images," Argenta (London); Beethoven Overtures, Munchinger (London); Bizet's Carmen Suite, Ansermet (London); Debussy's "Nocturnes," Ansermet (London); Prokofiev's Symphonies 5 and 7, Martinon (Victor); Delius program, Beecham (Capital-EMI); Sibelius's Symphony No. 2, Monteux (Victor); Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," von Karajan (London); Franck's Symphony in D Minor, Giulini (Angel); Rossini Overtures, Reiner (Victor); two two-record sets of the Swan Lake and Nutcracker ballets, Ansermet (London).

In the concerto repertoire, a few discs come easily to mind. The Handel Organ Concertos, Volumes I and II, by E. Power Biggs and Sir Adrian Boult (Columbia) were a welcome addition to the record shelves. Heifetz recorded the Mendelssohn concerto and Prokofiev No. 2, with Munch and the Boston Symphony (Victor) and demonstrated anew that nobody can touch him for finesse, though one begins to suspect his art is becoming somewhat bloodless or at least cool. Rudolf Serkin presented us with a pair of Mozart piano concertos, Nos. 11 and 20 (Columbia) with Alexander Schneider leading a Columbia orchestra. Serkin's ebullience may not be to everyone's Mozartian taste, but many will find his assertiveness refreshing after what threatened to be a monotonous diet of Mozart interpretation (by other pianists) marked by an almost morbid introspection, cloying hesitancy and delicacy and general vagueness.

Emil Gilels paired the Beethoven first and second piano concertos (Angel) and the result was an extremely affecting early-Beethoven program belying the popular cliché that Gilels is effective only in hammering, blood-and-guts works.

Ruggiero Ricci's playing of the tough Sibelius violin concerto (London) was a definite 1959 highlight.

Several categories of classical music seemed ill served in 1959. Chamber music, vocal music and keyboard music were mostly undistinguished.

Deutsche Grammophon is currently commissioning the Amadeus String Quartet (one of the finest chamber ensembles in the world) to record the 16 Beethoven quartets; and it has plans also for the recording of the complete cello sonatas and violin-piano sonatas by the same composer.

Two vocal discs, by Russell Oberlin (Decca) and Richard Lewis (Capitol-EMI) of Handel arias are worth investigating.

A Bach harpsichord album by Sylvia Marlowe (Decca) and a Landowska memorial album (Victor) are also worth listening to. Vladimir Horowitz's pre-war recording of the "Pictures at an Exhibition" and his 1943 recording of the Tchaikovsky B-Flat concerto, with Toscanini (Victor), are both historically and musically valuable.

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